

familiar. It seems to me like attempting to prove a self-evident truth.

But that a young people's society opens an avenue by which young people may be brought into closer relationship with the church proper, there can be no doubt, —it is to the church what the apprenticeship is to the mechanic; it is to the church what the training school is to our finer educational institutions; it prepares the surface for the polish; it disciplines young minds for the reception of *truth*, and drills them in the art of administering Christ's remedies to a dying world.

It teaches them to call early upon their God. I have heard old men say, when called upon to pray or testify, O had I begun that when young.

I believe a young people's meeting should be a prayer meeting. I am thoroughly satisfied with our Christian Endeavor topic card, and the plan of conducting the meetings. But I would like more prayer and study of God's word and less of the literary program. I want more spiritual development. I want a greater growth in faith, and this can only come through prayer and communion with God. Some one has said that "a man is nearer heaven on his knees, than thought he were perched upon the Alps."

Christian Endeavor Societies teach us how to pray. Prayer increases our faith, and brings us into closer relation with our God, and the nearer we approach him, the further we relegate ritualism.

I believe in thoroughly co-operating with each other as individuals. I believe that we, as Christian Endeavorers, or as a King's Children, as the case may be, should unite with the National Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. I believe that we would in that way, enlarge our scope, and increase our fields of labor, and it would require no sacrifice of our principles, and the wider our associations, the greater our opportunities.

I believe that we as a church should co-operate with other forces of the protestant world in fighting the battles of virtue and rectitude against sin, to the glory of God.
South Bend, Ind.

DRIFTING.

EMMA PUTERBAUGH.

Recently I saw a picture called Drifting, Simply Drifting. Several boats occupied by ladies and men were launched out on a beautiful stream. All was serene and lovely, but the boats moved with the tide, no hand was guiding the boats into a safe harbor, and I thought while gazing at the picture, so it is with mankind. How many are living listless, aimless lives, simply drifting.

Often when we invite friends to join the K. C. Society, the reply is what good will it do, or what is the use of it? The good that the K. C. may do can not be appreciated. The good that it will do will not be known until the pearly gates have been opened and we can there see around the throne of God, those who the King's Children have rescued from listless, aimless, living, to a service in God's vineyard.

Something that I have lately seen has impressed me that there is a great work that the King's Children may do, that is, the work of placing good literature into the hands of the young. Not fifteen years have elapsed since the first Christian Endeavor Society was organized, and what good has been done in those years, and yet much remains undone. While we have been working to interest our young people in good literature, and hope that God will bless the efforts that have been put forth, but until we work unitedly and do much personal work can we hope for the results for which we pray.

How many to-day are reading dime novels, not because they are seeking for the evil, but some way they drifted into them. They are cheap and easily obtained, and until we place into their hands something real substantial that will arouse them from their aimless living, will they continue to drift on and on until they become entangled in weeds or go down into a whirlpool, never to rise again. A pitiable state for one who is possessed with such great God given faculties of mind and soul.

May we then as a band of Christian workers do our utmost to rid the land of evil and impure literature and displace it with that which will better and elevate mankind.

"Work hath been given thee, do not delay,
Carelessly trifling the moments away;
Dreamily floating on life's silvery tide,
Stealthily down to the ocean we glide.

Life is receding, the hours as they pass,
Bear in its bosom the sands from its glass,
Why should we linger on time's crested wave,
Gathering baubles to garnish the grave?"
Lanark, Ill.

THE HEART

J. W. SMOUSE.

I shall not attempt to write a TREATISE on the physical which is so complex in its mechanism, but my object is to give a brief delineation of the moral heart. And in studying this subject we notice that mankind is divided into three classes. Those with good hearts, those with bad ones, and those without hearts. It is declared in Holy Writ that the heart is *desperately wicked*, with the significant question, *who can know it?* The examination

of our own hearts is a repulsive task, and seldom attended to, and more seldom thoroughly. But few persons know their own powers of mind, and their natural propensities, until they are brought into full action. Here is the solution of the problem, why some particular era's have produced greater men and women than others. It was the occasion, not the difference in native mental powers. Great occasions ever have, and ever will produce great men and great women. We are especially unwilling to discover and correct the bad qualities of our hearts. If the heart has yielded to the control of the gross passions, we are too apt to permit them to run riot, and lead the whole man astray. Instead of keeping it with all diligence and putting it under proper discipline by self examination and correction, we are too prone to be more ignorant of this fountain of action, than of anything else, in or around us. The heart is the seat of all that adorns our race, as well as of all that deforms it. We are enraptured to meet a person with an open, bold, noble and generous heart full of human kindness, natural affection, beaming in the face and exhibited in actions. We are pained to meet one, with his or her heart overflowing with wickedness and vice, a brute in human form. Still more are we pained to meet a person who is heartless, wrapped up in self, no feeling for the pleasures or woes of their fellow-being. A snail in embryo, ossified by meanness. Their own hearts many will not know, the hearts of others we cannot know, although some ignoramuses have assumed the high prerogative of judging them. Even actions are no sure criterion, unless we can know all the circumstances that prompted them. In judging from actions persons will vary in their opinions, as physiologists have in the action of the material heart. The resistance to be overcome by each pulsation of the heart in forcing the ventricle into the aorta has been estimated by different authors. Keill in his work estimated it to five ounces, whilst Borelli says it is one hundred and eighty thousand pounds. A fair illustration of the verdicts passed by some persons on others. If all will recollect that each man and woman is individually accountable to God for the action of the moral heart and look into their own hearts, and weed out their own foul gardens, it will enhance individual and public happiness. The moral heart can never be penetrated or scanned by mortal being. Man may bleed its sensibility, open the gushing fountains of its grief, rouse its latent powers to fury, dry up its milk of human kindness by base ingratitude, but into its *Sanctum Sanctorum* he can never enter. Jehovah only has access there. If our hearts are right with him, if we have fully, freely, and unreservedly surrendered them to him, all will be well, we need not fear what man may say or do unto us.

Pittsburg, Pa.